THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

[ESTABLISHED 1840.]

"For who in the heaven can be compared unto the Lord? who among the sons of the mighty can be likened unto the Lord? God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints, and to be had in reverence of all them that are about him" (Ps. 89 : 6, 7).

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EXPERIENCES.

(BY MISS MOLLIE HIGGINSON.)

(*Continued from page 567.*)

One day we went out to "tea," and were in the midst of another discussion when a young gentleman came in. Introductions passed. When he heard me addressed as Mollie, he looked as though he could scarcely believe his own ears. "Mollie!" he said, "you never mean to say that you are Mollie—the 'Mormon.'" "Oh! that's I, right enough," I said, "I'm the 'Mormon.'" "Well," he said, "I wouldn't have thought it, with your face." "What's the matter with my face," I said, "Oh! your face is all right," he said, "but what about your religion?" "Why," I said, "that is fine, can't be beat, it is the purest religion on earth." "So you say," he answered, "but now I think as much of my religion as you do of yours." "Do you," I said, "I'm glad to hear it, for it must be more than life to you. You are a Wesleyan, I believe?" "Yes," he said, "I am; but how did you know?" "Why," I said, "don't you think people's religion is stamped on them? I guessed it by your face and manner." "Now," he said, "I'd like to know something about your religion. You believe in polygamy, don't you?" "Well," I said, as I wondered would I ever hear the last of this vexed question, "the world says we do, and the world's version is the one usually accepted. If I denied it you would not believe me; if I showed you Bible proof for it, you would find some excuse, and still condemn the 'Mormons' for what they never dream of practicing. Do you believe the Bible?" "Yes," he said, "I do believe that, and try to follow its teachings." "Good," I said. "Now, in order to believe in anything, you must know something about it,

must you not?" "Yes," he said, "that is so." "Well, answer me this, How many wives had Abraham?" "Wives!" he said, "how many wives had Abraham? I'm sure I don't know. Wives! why, how many had he?" "Can't tell you the exact number," I said, "but he had more than one; but I thought you believed in the Bible!" A laugh went round, and we got off the polygamy question, and on to the teachings of the Church. At the end of a somewhat lengthy discussion, he turned to my friend and said, "I tell you what it is, it is the truth she is telling us, and that is why we can't silence her. I never heard anything like it in all my life before. I shouldn't think so much of it if she just said it is in the Bible, it's that 'chapter' and 'verse' that gets over me, and she has Bible proof for everything she utters. It beats all I ever heard, and I only wish there were some of those elders here that I might go and hear them."

A day or so after this I was asked would I meet another gentleman. My friend said, "I did not promise for you, because he is well read, and knows what he is talking about." "Well," I said, "if he knows more about 'Mormonism' than I do, I shall be pleased to meet him, that I may increase my knowledge. I am open to all comers, let them be who they may. I will meet him." A night was arranged, and we set out. When near the house my friend said, "Don't you feel afraid, Mollie?" "Afraid," I said, "No! Why should I fear? I have God and the truth on my side, can he have more than that on his? I am looking forward to a good time. I want to meet some one who knows what he is talking about. It will do me good and test my faith, and that is what I want." Arrived there, I noticed a *Harmsworth Encyclopædia* lying open upon the table. "Oh, dear!" I said to myself, "he is starting with polygamy, at any rate, no matter where we end." He had told my friends that he would shake my faith in half an hour.

We got to business, and he began by placing the encyclopædia in my hands and bidding me read it. "No need," I said, "I am acquainted with all it contains on the subject in hand." "And you, of course, deny it," he said. "Deny it!" I answered, "No, why should I deny the truth?" For a moment he was non-plussed, and knew not what to say. He had expected me to read the article, deny it, and play into his hands; but I saw the trap set for me, and avoided it. I was there to discuss the "Mormon" doctrine, not polygamy. What we do teach is of great importance, what we do not teach is of no consequence. "Then," he said, "you admit that you believe in polygamy?" "I admit no such thing," I said, "on the other hand, I do not deny what is written here. That we hail from the Rocky Mountains, that our leader was Joseph Smith, is true, but whatever may be said of bygone days, to say that we practice polygamy now is to utter a falsehood, for we neither preach nor practice it. It is dead and done with, so let

it rest." We had a long discussion; half an hour passed, an hour, two hours, two hours and a half, but Mollie was still a "Mormon," with faith unshaken. Then he placed his hand on my shoulder and said, "My dear young lady, I admire you, I admire the courage with which you speak up for a people who are everywhere evil spoken against. Keep your faith! I would not try to alter it. It is the most beautiful thing I ever saw. It is wonderful, marvelous. Your faith in your people passes all I ever saw, and if it is your religion makes you what you are, then stick to it! I never before saw anything to equal it." I offered him some literature, which he accepted. I did not see him again, but his wife told me he had read the books and said that men who could write such books as those were not the men the world said they were, and henceforth he would believe none of the things he heard or read against the "Mormons." Ah! if the world would but pause and think, and read the "Mormon" literature, and get to know the elders and the lives they really live, how much better it would be for the world. Little does it dream what it is missing when it passes our elders by as the Jews passed by Christ in the days of old; but no, it has got polygamy around its neck like a millstone, and there it sticks. But what it misses! Oh! what it misses! What peace! what joy! what happiness untold! Some day, please God, it will see with other eyes, and then what joy undreamt of will be its priceless portion.

I left my friends and came home for a little while, and then I went to Birmingham, where I was able to attend meetings and associate with the elders and saints, which I always consider a great blessing. It was whilst here that I was called upon to endure the greatest test my faith has as yet been put to. The friend with whom I stayed had a shop and post office, and many are the gospel conversations I have had there, for it soon became known that I was a "Mormon." Of course, every one told me I was deluded, that our religion was but a name, a cloak to hide evil intentions; but it was no use, my faith was not to be shaken. One day I heard voices in the shop, and presently heard my name called. "Here she is," said a voice not intended for my ear, "but you had best let her alone." I found a traveler standing there, amongst others, and he said he would like a talk with me. "Very well," I said, "get started." We talked, and I heard many things, as he thought, calculated to shake the strongest faith, and the "Mormon" elders were painted in the blackest colors; but I had been thinking of what a friend once said to me, "I know you'll be true," and I was enabled to stand my ground. I heard him out, and then I said, "You've had *your* say, now wait a minute, and I'll have mine." "Right you are, Mollie," a voice exclaimed, "that is only fair," then in a slightly lower tone, "now we shall hear something." I gave the lie to the greater part of what he had said, and then proceeded to prove from scripture that "Mormonism"

is true. He heard me out, and then he said, "Oh! Mollie, Mollie, it's in the wrong place you are." "Indeed!" I said, "and where in your estimation ought I to be?" I expected him to say, "in the lunatic asylum," instead, he answered, "You should be out preaching to the heathen." "Well," I said, "if my opinion were asked, I should say that is just where I am." "There you are, man," somebody said, "you've got your answer, now are you satisfied?" "No," he said, "I'm not. I want to know now why you consider I am a heathen." So I said, "What is a heathen? A heathen is a man who knows not God, and that you know Him not your own words prove, for you deny Him a body, and the Bible distinctly says God made man in His own image." "Do your elders know the Bible as you know it?" he asked. "Why, yes," I said, "they should know it better than I do, I am only a learner." "Well," he said, "all I can say is, you've had a jolly good teacher, and if all you tell us is in the Bible, I never saw it there." "Did you ever look for it?" I asked.

A certain man was talking with me one day, and when I told him of the gathering of the Jews to Jerusalem, and how a Gentile army would encompass the city, and only be prevented from destroying it by the presence of two prophets within its walls, he took out his note-book and said, "And now can you tell me where in the Bible I shall find what you have just said?" My! wasn't I glad I had made a note-book of my memory. You see, I early discovered it was no use talking without positive proof. The elders can carry their Bibles in their pockets, but as I don't have a pocket, the only thing left for me to do is to carry the knowledge in my head, and this course I adopted. I told him to go home and read Zechariah 14th chapter, and Revelation 11th chapter, side by side, and he would find that what I had said was true. And now came the time when my faith was to be tested to its uttermost; but God gives us nothing to bear without first of all giving us strength to bear it, and so He first of all strengthened my faith, and then He put it to the test.

Going to "Mutual" one evening, I was agreeably surprised to see one of the elders whom I had first met, but who had removed to Walsall, about six miles from Birmingham, and having some business in the latter city, had come up and stayed for "Mutual." We had a pleasant time, and a long talk together in the meeting-room, and he asked me to visit them in their branch. The day before I had decided to go I had another conversation on the gospel, and the gentleman I was talking with said, "If I bring you a book, will you read it?" I said, "Yes; but what is it called?" and he answered, "*Hell Upon Earth; or the True Story of Life in Utah.* You'll read it?" The very title sent a cold shiver through me, but I said, "I will read anything you like to bring me relating in any way to the 'Mormon' faith." "Well," he said, "you shall read this, and if you believe in those elders when you have read of the

life they live at home, all I can say is, nothing on earth will ever move you. Mind you, you know nothing whatever of their true life; they tell you just what they think proper, and leave all the rest for you to find out once they have you safe in their clutches out in Utah. But this book is written by one who has lived there—who has been a 'Mormon' himself until, disgusted with what took place there amongst them, he escaped, and published this book as a warning to all such as you. You are sure you will read the book?" "I have already promised," I said, "and to a 'Mormon' a promise is sacred. I will read every word that book contains." I went over to Walsall and, in the course of conversation mentioned to one of the elders that I had promised to read the book. A look I shall never forget passed over his face. "Mollie, no!" he said, "you must not. Did you say you had *promised*?" "I have given my word," I said, "and read that book I must. I see *you* have read it. Why may not I read it, too?" "Because it is not fit for your eyes to read," he said. I looked on his face and saw written there a something that stirred me to the very depths. "You are afraid," I said, "afraid my faith will not stand the test. I have been told that if I come through it, I shall be able to stand anything. Brother, your faith has stood the test, and mine is based on the same foundation; where is your faith in me?" "It is not that, Mollie, not that I cannot trust you. I know you are true, I know your faith is strong; but that book! Why! it tests the elders' faith, and we know it is false. How will your faith stand when your eyes read what is written there." "One moment," I said, "I will ask you one question only. Can you look in my eyes and say, Mollie, that book is not true?" "I can," he said, "and I do." We had a long talk, and he told me something of what the book contained. "Oh!" I said, "I don't think it will be so bad reading, after all, and any way, if my faith is not sufficient to stand against whatever test the world cares to subject it to, then it is of no use to me whatever, and I would be better without it."

Then we set out for the meeting, and conversed as we went along on the gospel, and the great things God had done for us. Suddenly he slackened our footsteps, and said in a most earnest voice, "Take your religion away from you, Mollie, and where would you be?" "Oh, hush!" I said, "what an awful thought, if I lose faith in my religion I should become an infidel, with faith in neither God or man. If 'Mormonism' is not true, then the Bible is not true, there is no truth on earth, there is no God in heaven." A look of satisfaction passed over his face. "It is good to hear you say so, Mollie, now I can let you go freely. I can say—Read that book now; I feel your faith will stand the test." "How that precious book troubles you, I laughed." Ah! it was very soon to trouble me, too. Two days afterwards it was placed in my hands, and I opened it and started to read. I had said my faith was strong, that nothing could shake it, that I was a

"Mormon" for always. Ah! "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." I read, and as I read the very blood in my veins seem to freeze with the horror of it all. Could it be trne? Ah! could it? Was the world right after all, was I deluded, deceived? I put the book down and left it, feeling I conld not read to the end and keep my faith. Now I understood the fear depicted on my companion's face when I mentioned the book; I understood his reluctance for my eyes to read what was printed there. Was it true? I seemed to be standing absolutely alone, with the powers of hell raging aronnd me. Then I remembered my promise. I had passed my word to read the book, and read it I must and wonld. I caught sight of my face in the glass. It was deathly pale. Then I seemed to hear a voice say, "Mollie, yon coward!" "Whose a coward, I'd like to know?" I said, "I'm not," and I picked up the book and read on. But it was no use. Go through it I could not, and yet, having read so much, with my faith shaken to its very fonndation, of what nse was I? Was I a "Mormon," or was I not? And then I recalled what had once been asked me, "Take your religion away from yon, Mollie, and where would you be?" They were the words my friend had spoken some time before. I thonght of the day I was baptized, I thought of the words of him who had baptized me, "I know yon'll be true." Where was my faith? What proof had I that the man who had written those words was a true man? I had been told that his words were false. And then other words once voiced came to mind, "Be faithful, Mollie!" Ah! like three faithful monitors these thonghts npheld me in the hour of temptation, and a sweet peace began to settle on my soul. I picked up the book and read again the worst passages, and then read on to the end. The battle was over, and, thank God, Mollie was a "Mormon" still. It seems to me that that book was inspired by the devil himself—written for the express pnrpose of overthrowing the work of God in these latter days; bnt, thank God, truth had conqnered, and the battle was won. I saw myself standing alone, divested of our glorions religion, and the picture was too awful to contemplate. Could I wish to live if faith in my religion was destroyed? No! I could not; for it had become more than life to me, and apart from it, I had no desire for life. I must either be a "Mormon" or I mnst live in despair and so die, and truth prevailed, and I decided to cling to my religion and live up to its teachings. Now, as a trial of my faith, I only smile when I hear onr religion evil spoken of. I have been throngh the fire, and I know. Within my soul is the sure knowledge of the truth of this our restored gospel. Not a moment's donbt, not a moment's hesitation has come to me since that awful day; the "Mormon" religion is trne, and I know it; and because I know so snrely that our religion is true, I know that the elders of our Chnrch are true, for only trne, pnre men could live the life the Church requires of them. Had my faith been

founded on man, in the hour of trial it must have failed me; but it is not, it is founded upon the rock of revelation, and by direct revelation from God Himself I know that the "Mormon" Church is His Church on earth, and in this I am not alone, for every member of the Church of Christ upon earth has this sure testimony, this revelation from God in his heart, and it is this that makes us strong to endure. Persecution may fall to our share, trial and temptations may be ours, but in our hearts we have ever the abiding witness. We know, without a doubt, that God has, indeed, revealed Himself to man in these latter days. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself" (John 7: 17). So said Christ, and so we have proved.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

TOO LATE.

FATHERS and mothers always have time to minister to their children. Night or day they are ready to render any service that may be necessary. During the years of infancy and childhood they devote their lives to the welfare of their children. When their offspring leave the parental roof to make homes of their own that same devotion and love go with them.

Yet in spite of all this willing service many of these young people become luke-warm in their attentions to those who gave them birth and who so tenderly ministered to them. They haven't time to visit, they haven't time to write, and fathers and mothers sit lonely and sad and vainly long for a visit or a letter from those who are dearer to them than life itself.

When the eyes are closed and the hands folded these children find time to go back to the old home. The letters they intended to send will never be read by those loving eyes, the appreciation and love that wells up in their hearts and that finds expression in broken words falls on deaf ears, the visits they planned can not now be made. The feeling that they would give anything they possess to bring smiles to the dear eyes and gladness to the heart that has ceased to beat almost overcomes them as they realize that they have let one opportunity after another slip by until the last chance has gone by until eternity reunites the family.

The wise will profit by the sad experience of these sons and daughters who have realized their mistake when it is too late.—*Young Woman's Journal.*

"NEVER condescend to argue with the wicked; the principles of the gospel are too sacred to be quarreled over; bear your testimony in humility, and leave the result with the Lord."—BRIGHAM YOUNG.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1913.

EDITORIAL.

IN PATIENCE POSSESS YOUR SOULS.

THE construction of the Panama Canal by the United States Government supplies us with a fine illustration of the conditions which are necessary to achieve success in an undertaking of such vast magnitude. Among these are the limitless resources of that country which enables the government to finance the enterprise efficiently. Then again, the engineer at the head of the construction department is a man of great ability, and he has reduced the operations so perfectly to systematic principles that everything is carried on with clock-like regularity and precision, and, as a consequence, the records of the work accomplished are most gratifying. He also possesses a wonderful power of infusing his subordinates with an enthusiasm for the work which in every individual case yields the fruit of faithful labor and best efforts, and so the great undertaking is carried rapidly forward, and barring unforseen disasters or accidents, it will be finished on schedule time or before it.

After the remarkable success which has attended the labors of Colonel Goethals—the chief engineer—no one now questions his ability. The whole world has the utmost confidence in his engineering wisdom and skill. It does not count on his making any vital mistakes. It would be dumbfounded by a mere rumor that unforseen difficulties had developed which he could not control or remove—that the situation was too difficult for him to cope with. No one thinks of failure, and Colonel Goethals himself least of all. Though mountains have stood in his way, he has hewed his way through them, and though numerous unforseen difficulties have been encountered, he has overcome them, and thus on and ever on the great work is pushed towards the end for which it was undertaken, and the whole world applauds; yet Colonel Goethals is only a man and subject to powers that transcend his to infinity—to limitations which belong to mortal existence. But how different were the prospects of success when that work was just beginning. De Lesseps tried to build it, and failed. When the United States Government undertook the work, one engineer after another was sent to Panama to superintend its construction, but all in turn returned to their native land, under one pretence or another—most of them, doubtless, appalled by the magnitude and difficulties of the task that lay before them—in its

presence being made to realize their insufficiency. Finally, the engineer now at the head of affairs was assigned to duty there. But who, when Colonel Goethals first went to his field of labor, had the unbounded confidence in his mastership of the situation that the world has at present. Not one unless, perhaps, a few of his most intimate friends. People waited for proofs of his ability to accomplish the work in hand before they could feel disposed to give him their full confidence; but those proofs came in one demonstration after another as he triumphed over every besetting obstacle, and rose superior to every requirement that the mighty work imposed upon him. Except when impeded temporarily by conditions which the Almighty has ever placed beyond the power of man to control, the great work has gone forward towards the goal of complete success with rapid and unceasing strides.

Now, in the establishment of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, or Zion, in these last days, the Lord has undertaken a great and mighty work, and He has declared by the mouth of His servant by whom He founded it, and by the word of others of His chosen prophets, that He will bring to pass gloriously every purpose that has entered into His mind concerning it. And here, first of all, we should remind ourselves that it is the Almighty God, the Creator of the heavens and the earth, who has made these promises to His people—who has set Zion among men never more to be thrown down or given to another people. It is He who has founded her. He who makes the stormy winds do His will, or the wrath of man praise Him. Who exalts the mountains, or brings low the haughty and scornful people. Who hedges up the way of the wicked, or makes the earth quake at His presence. Who reigns in the heavens above, and holds in derision the kings and the rulers of the earth, who take counsel against His anointed. Who inhabiteth eternity, and sets bounds for men which they can not pass. He it is who is at the head of this work, directing and controlling every movement. His word is at stake, and He will not let one tittle of it fail. Yet there is heard occasionally a murmur that the Lord has become slack in His work—that Zion is not running her race as fast as she should, nor is she as strong as she ought to be at this late day. Such a thought, it seems to us, is enough to make the blood run chill, while despair strangles every hope of victory. Who ever thinks that Satan for a moment is slack in his work? Who believes that he and his angels are not eternally vigilant, and ready to deal their deadliest blows at every opportunity—to strike the fiercest where the prospects of success are the greatest? It behooves every one of us, therefore, to take care that the dry rot of doubt and unbelief does not give him the very opportunity he has waited for to accomplish our individual overthrow and eternal ruin. Is the God of this work asleep? Are His ears so dull that He can not hear the cries of His saints that daily ascend

to Him as incense from altars that now girdle the earth? Are His eyes so heavy that He can not see the needs of His people, or the doings of His enemies? Has His love grown so cold that He has forgotten the sons and the daughters born to Him by the power of the Holy Spirit and the blood of Jesus Christ? No. God Almighty never sleeps upon the field of battle. He never disarms before His foes. He is never surprised in ambush through lack of vigilance.

He declares that He is not slack concerning His promises as men count slackness. The trouble lies in us. We think we know full well how the Lord should proceed to hasten on His work. A few, but thank God not many, among us, think that the lightnings of His fury should be poured out upon the wicked, rather than by staying His hand a while longer, the dews of heavenly grace may yet fall upon some desert places, and souls be freshened there into new and joyous life. It is time, some may think, for the vials of His wrath to be unstopped, rather than to let the streams of mercy longer flow. Human nature is ever the same, and the Savior found it necessary to rebuke certain of His disciples who wanted to call down the vengeance of God upon the wicked; yet such a course did not then enter into the plan of the Lord for saving men. Though we can not always see the wisdom of His ways, let us remember that,

"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs
And works His sovereign will."

Why should we not rest our souls in sweet trust upon God? Why think that this work is not progressing towards its goal of complete and final victory, just as fast as God intended it should when it was first planned in the beginning of time, or when its foundations were first laid in the earth by His prophet, Joseph Smith, fast running now on a hundred years ago. After all these years, each one bearing its divine tokens of preservation and success, as manifested in behalf of this Church, we should not let a single doubt of God's providences over it, nor of His ever present power to defend it, find lodgment in our hearts.

We have all around us powerful incentives to faith and trust which our fathers and mothers who came into this Church in earlier days did not enjoy. If some of us had lived in those times —in days when one demonstration after another of the truth that God has founded this work, and is defending it, was not, as now, with doubly certain voice appealing to us to stand firm in the faith, and to banish every lingering, unworthy, dishonoring doubt, we fear that some of us would have let the fowls of the air devour the good seed that was sown in our hearts. Let us stand firm in the strength of God. Let us not worry ourselves about the issue

for Zion in this conflict. That is the business of our God, ours is to do well our part that the issue of life's battle for each of us individually may be as glorious as it shall be for Zion in the end. The Almighty is not slack in performing His promises concerning it, not one jot or tittle of them shall fail; not the shadow of turning therefrom will He allow—not one ray of glory in Zion's crown shall ever be dimmed, nor one pearl lost from it.

Brother, sister, look this work and its history over, and tell us, if you can, in what part of it, in what feature, the evidences of its divinity are not manifest; and then think of how much more we are favored than were the people who lived in the days of Noah. Where is there a word written which shows that during all the years, while that patriarch was preaching repentance to the people, the Lord was, by mighty signs and testimonies, confirming the word of His prophet? The seasons came and went, the rains descended as of yore, the crops grew, the people multiplied and flourished, and no signs from heaven, it appears, gave evidence that what Noah preached was the word of God. How different are the conditions at the present time—the world in commotion, men's hearts already failing them for fear of the things that are coming upon the earth, "waves of terror" sweeping through mighty nations, modern prophecies fulfilling—floods here, droughts there, destruction and misery broadcasted throughout the nations—these all bear testimony that this work is true, and that God is guiding the operations of this Church, and ruling the destinies of the world.

If there ever was a time in the history of the human race when there might be some excuse for men to believe that the word of God by the mouth of His servants, might fail, that occasion is found, as already mentioned, in the days of Noah; but not one word that Noah spoke concerning God's purposes failed of fulfillment. Read the prophecies of the ancient prophets concerning Babylon, Media, and other nations—revelations which stand as PROGRAMS according to which the Lord purposed to work His will among those nations, and from their history see how their destiny conforms to the heavenly decree. There was no lack of divine vigilance in accomplishing the divine purpose. View the ruins of the city of Babylon, which He who holds all things in His hands declared should never again be inhabited, and then remember that to this day, after centuries and centuries of years have passed, it is still desolate and unpeopled. Jehovah God has surely set a sleepless watch over that place. Turn to your Bibles and read how God threatened the Jews with the destruction of their cities, of their nationality, with the dispersion of that people among the nations of the earth, and then recall to mind the fact that not one jot of all those predictions has failed of a fulfillment, and who can say that any situation, however difficult—any emergency which has ever arisen—has found the Almighty unprepared to cope with it, or disposed to put its solution off till a more "convenient season." What

slackness can be observed in carrying out the promises of redemption for our race by the sacrificial death of Jesus Christ in the meridian of time? What remissness in vigilance and power is found on the part of God in maintaining properly, and in the perfection of efficiency, every principle which appertains to the material universe? What indifference did He manifest when He gave to the saints the perfection of a Church organization such as that which we possess? Did the Almighty create this world for pastime to leave it for other recreations, as a child, who builds fancies of mud or sand, straightway leaves them for other amusements? or was it created by a God for purposes that do honor to a God? and shall He fail to realize one of them? No. Has He at last brought forth that divine woman who is to be the bride and spouse of Jesus Christ, who purchased her for Himself with His precious blood, only to leave her lonely, wretched and forsaken in the wilderness of this world, to be harassed and torn to pieces by her enemies, while she cries to her Lord for help, but in vain? No, no. God's protecting care is over her. He will shield her in the time of need, and bring her to the wedding supper a fit bride for her Divine Lord and Master.

In the beginning of these remarks, we cited a famous example to show what strong faith or confidence mankind sometimes have in their fellows under certain conditions; but how much stronger should be our faith in the glorious issue of this work which has God for its founder and engineer—the resources of heaven for its support—the skill and wisdom of Jehovah to plan and direct it, and the omnipotence of the Almighty to carry it through. There can be no failure, ZION SHALL STAND, and realize her destiny of glory. Let us take care that we may not justly be charged with having greater faith in the work of man than in that of God.

T. W. B.

PRESIDENT E. TAFT BENSON returned to headquarters in Liverpool on the morning of the 4th inst., thus concluding his visit to the various fields of our Church work on the Continent. With his views of the prospects for our success there, and of the faithfulness of the saints, upon whom so much in this respect depends as co-laborers with the missionary elders, our readers are already acquainted. President Benson is in excellent health and spirits, and has at once become engaged in arranging the affairs of his office, so as to have them in the best of condition for handing over to his successor, Elder Hyrum M. Smith, of the Quorum of the Twelve, who will, according to present expectations, arrive in this city during the latter part of the present month or the first of October. President Benson will then be released from his missionary duties to return home after having performed a faithful labor in the European mission, being very highly honored by the confidence which the Presidency of the Church has reposed in him.

FOR THE EUROPEAN MISSION.

THE saints in Europe are to be congratulated on the appointment of Elder Hyrum M. Smith, of the Council of the Twelve, to the presidency of the European mission. He is a forceful speaker, well informed on all subjects of general knowledge, and more especially on the principles of the gospel. To a firm conviction of the truth of the teachings of the Prophet Joseph he adds the kindness of heart, the courage, the candor and sincerity characteristic of the family to which he belongs. We feel sure that he will perform a successful mission. He has had a great deal of experience in the service of the Church, both abroad and at home, and especially in the exalted position he now holds, and has held for some years, and in which he has endeared himself to the saints. We regard Elder Hyrum M. Smith as a worthy successor of the many eminent men of the Church who have presided over the European mission.—*Deseret News.*

THE SWISS AND GERMAN MISSION.

UPON reading the press reports regarding our propaganda work, one would naturally be led to think, if he accepted them as truthful, that our hold in Germany has been greatly weakened. If he accepted, without question, all of these reports he would be right in concluding that the Germans had, in fact, seen about the last of the "Mormons"; and that in all of that great nation scarcely a follower or an advocate of our faith could be found. But this is not the case. Our cause is now receiving greater consideration than it has ever before won, and is being strengthened daily by new friends and converts.

The absolute unreliability of some news channels is apparent to anyone going through the German states and cities, who cares to investigate the real growth of "Mormonism" there. Overwhelming evidence will be found showing that the principles of the gospel of Christ, as we teach them, have become rooted so solidly, and that the roots have grown to such proportions, that unquestionable permanency is indicated. Let us take, for example, a few cases that have occurred during the past two months. July 13th, a general meeting of the Latter-day Saints convened in Hamburg, with an attendance nearing three hundred people. Exceptional talent in music and declamation was there in abundance, showing that the advocacy of our cause is meeting with splendid results among those whose standing in life enables them to devote time to artistic accomplishments; as well as with the humbler people who live mostly by daily toil. The people at these meetings were enthusiastic in every way for the spread of the gospel. It cannot be truthfully said that we are out of Hamburg.

Let us take another glimpse in another part of Germany. In Königsberg, on the shores of the Baltic, away to the north and east of the empire, there is also a strong, live branch of the Church. General meetings convened there on the 20th of July, and the large hall was filled with interested, enthusiastic members, friends and their children. Real, active, constructive interest is the ingredient of our success, and the good people of Königsberg are having a taste of it, and it cannot be said, truthfully, that they do not like it.

What has been said of Hamburg and Königsberg can be said also of Berlin and districts, Leipzig, Chemnitz, Breslau, Dresden, Nürnburg, München and the principal cities of Switzerland, and besides these places named in Germany, there are many others which lack of space prevents giving. Another instance of more than ordinary interest, which serves to dissuade the mind from any possible notion that our work is squelched in the "Fatherland," occurred in Chemnitz on the evening of July 29th. This was the night for the regular meeting of the "Frauenhilfsverein" (Relief Society), one of the organizations of the Church for women, having charity for its object. There were present at this session, by actual count, ninety-four members and twenty-seven friends. This society is officered and directed solely by the local members. Local organizations, embracing the male members, are also in Dresden. These are under the direction of the Priesthood. The work of propaganda is greatly assisted by the services of these factors. No one is more potential in doing the Church proficient service than strong local residents. This fact alone should serve to counteract the contention urged against us that we advocate and preach emigration.

We are having success in Germany, but we want more. It has long been apparent to the authorities of the Church that our strength in foreign countries, as at home, depends largely on careful cultivation of the seeds first sown, and the garnering of the harvest. The legs and arms of the Church are represented in the missions. In many hundred places nuclei have been formed, which must be kept in a growing, gathering state in order to keep the missions strong. If there be depletion by emigration the standard of strength will be lowered and our progress retarded. It is a matter of keen regret, if business desire or any other cause gives rise to migration among our members. The natural growth of the Church in Utah is adequate to maintain our possessions and influence there, and, therefore, it is not necessary to encourage members, who have embraced its teachings in foreign lands, to gather at the head, nor is it desired.

The affairs of the Swiss and German mission are under the capable direction of President Hyrum W. Valentine, who, in company with his wife, Sister Ella B. Valentine, has been in the field for about twenty months. Elder Valentine succeeded Elder

Thomas E. McKay, and in taking advantage of every opportunity he has kept things going in good fashion. This mission has never been in better working order than at the present time. The tact, resourcefulness and untiring energy of its president, together with the splendid moral support of the elders and the members, are making the Swiss-German mission of the Church a stronghold of formidable character. Without the presence of Sister Valentine the work there would lack a sweet influence that is most desirable. She is an inspiration to the saints, and gives cheer and comfort to every elder in the field.

We want success in the Swiss and German mission. We are having success there. The elders are there to do their work. The work is established to remain, and the Church will continue to be built up in power and numbers in Germany and Switzerland.

E. Taft Benson.

FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

Baptisms.—A baptismal service was held at Cheltenham (Bristol conference), on August 30th, 1913, when three souls were admitted into the fold of Christ. Elders Daniel H. Elmer and Paul L. Wilson officiated.

Arrival.—Elder Theodore Tobiason, of Salt Lake City, arrived in Liverpool on September 3rd, 1913, per s.s. *Victorian*. He has been called to preside over the Swedish mission, and will leave for his field of labor after attending the Elders' Convention, which has its first session scheduled for the ninth of this month at London.

Releases and Departures.—The following named missionaries have been honorably released, and sailed for Montreal on September 3rd, 1913, per s.s. *Tunisian*: From the Netherlands mission—Elders Earl G. Frandsen and William F. Thomson. From the Scandinavian mission—Hans Johanson. A company of emigrants consisting of thirty-two souls took passage on the same ship, being in charge of Elder Earl G. Frandsen, assisted by the other two returning missionaries.

Farewell Socials.—A farewell social was held in Thrift Hall, Grimsby (Hull conference), on Friday, August 29th, 1913, in honor of Sister Beatrice Chapman and daughter, who left for Zion, September 3rd, 1913. A goodly number of saints and friends were present.

A farewell social was held on Wednesday, September 3rd, 1913, at 85 Church Street, Lancaster (Liverpool conference), in honor of Brother John Bell, who is emigrating to Canada. It was fully enjoyed by all in attendance, and an appropriate token of esteem was presented to the departing brother.

Outings.—On Saturday, August 23rd, 1913, the saints and friends of the Nelson branch (Liverpool conference) had a very successful ramble to "Wycoller Hall." After which they returned to Sister Sarah Smith's home at Trawden, and had a "Jacob's Join." All present expressed themselves as having had an enjoyable time.

The members of the South London branch had an enjoyable outing at Brockwell Park, Herne Hill, S.E., on Saturday, August 16th, 1913. About seventy saints and friends composed the party. The amusements were varied and interesting, and prizes were distributed among the juveniles. This pleasant time of enjoyment terminated about 7:30 p.m.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

Church History.

Lesson XXXI.—The Move South.

Textbook: One Hundred Years of Mormonism (Evans), pp. 462-72.

I. Pioneer Day, 1857.

(a) Celebration of. (b) Disturbing news received.

II. President Buchanan's Blunder.

(a) W. W. Drummond, Governor. (b) His character. (c) Report to Washington. (d) Magraw's assistance, and why. (e) Army dispatched. (f) How delayed on march. (g) Wintered where. (h) When entered Salt Lake City.

III. A Strange Exodus.

(a) Cause—fear of rapine. (b) President Young's attitude. (c) Measures for defense. (d) Peaceful overtures. (e) Reaction of eastern sentiment. (f) Colonel Kane's mission. (1) Alfred Cummings, Governor. (g) "Mormon" purpose to make the country a waste. (h) The movement south. (i) The return. (j) Benefits from presence of the army.

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